

HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

How to Avoid Bad Breaks When in the Best Society.

Be Chary of Your Pictures.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
Would you kindly let me know if it is proper for a lady to give a gentleman a photo of herself, or must they be engaged? A gentleman friend would like my photo, and I thought it improper to give it, as he is only a friend. A. D.

It is not good form for a girl to bestow her photographs on men friends. Exceptions are made very occasionally in the case of old school friends and playmates, but nothing cheapens a girl more than the indiscriminate gift of her picture.

Acknowledging Wedding Gifts.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
I am a young lady, and am to be married soon. I have received some beautiful presents from a friend in a foreign country. I would like to write a letter of thanks. Please tell me what kind I shall write. Also tell me if it is proper to give my fiancé a hand ring or if that is only a German custom.

AN AMERICAN GIRL.

Write an appreciative letter saying how surprised and delighted you were to receive such a beautiful expression of interest and affection or friendship. Say how much you shall always cherish the gifts, which are beautiful in themselves, but will have an added value coming to you from a friend whose regard you esteem so highly. Sentiments of this sort, expressed in your own language, would be appropriate. You should write acknowledging receipt of gifts immediately. It is entirely proper to give your fiancé a plain gold ring.

Questions That Perplex a Quaint.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
If a young lady should visit you at your home, and you took her to the car when she was going home, would it be correct to pay her fare? Also if you are alone on a car, and after riding a few blocks a lady friend gets on the car, is it proper to pay her fare after yours have been paid?
LOUIS, EDWARD, MAURICE, SAMUEL, MOE L.

YOUNG ladies are not supposed to visit gentlemen at their homes. If a gentleman is a mere acquaintance, he should not call on a lady at her home. If a gentleman is a friend, he should pay for a taxi to his home, and if he is a friend, he should pay for a taxi to his home.

It is proper enough for him to save her the trouble of searching for a five-cent piece if the conductor is within easy reach, so that he can without call-

THE EVENING WORLD'S LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Bill's on the Trail. Look Out!

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I see that the Anarchists of Hoboken have threatened to go to New York. While I am not so many, I would like to have you put a line in your paper, to let them know Bill Benton, from Arizona, is liable to take a trip east with some forty-five calibre. They want to keep quiet, or some Anarchists will be sorry.
BILL BENTON,
Hardacre, Cal.

Who Got the Money?

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Chief Devery and Commissioner Murphy asked Policeman O'Neill if he had \$25 for the three-platoon system fund. His answer was no. Why don't the District-Attorney ask some of the 7,000 policemen if they paid for the three-platoon system. Now every policeman on the force was taxed from \$15 to \$25. And where is the \$150,000 that was raised for the three-platoon fund? Who got it? Commissioner Murphy and Chief Devery don't know anything about it. It was paid. Who got the money?
A COPPER.

Ida.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Kindly let me know Mrs. McKinley's first name.
DOMINICO SPINA.

Protest Against the Collar.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I protest against the hideous high collar that women (wearing men's) now wear. If a woman is old and has a scrawny neck, let her hide it with a high collar. Otherwise let her wear the soft ruff, or the low cut dress that exposes the beautiful white throat. In any case, down with the collar!
BEAUTY COVER.

Conductors in Too Big a Hurry.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I vigorously protest against the manner in which conductors of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company are acting. It is just outrageous. They are always in a hurry-scurry, caring very little, it seems, for the lives of those who are about to get into and

MADRID.

SEND you roses—red, like love,
And white, like death, sweet friend;
Born in your bosom to rejoice,
Languish, and pine, and end.

If the white roses tell of death,
Let the red roses mend
The talk with true stories of love
Unchanging to the end.

Red and white roses, love and death—
What else is left to send?
For what is life but love, the means,
And death, dear heart, the end?
—W. E. Henley, in North American Review.

BORROWED FINERY

IT is the practice of London West End jewellers to loan magnificent diamonds and other articles of jewelry for special occasions. These things are loaned as a courtesy to specially good customers. While other people less well known must make a deposit of the value of the jewels before taking them.

ing the attention of all the passengers hand him the lady's fare.

It is bad form to make one's self conspicuous and brutal to do anything that focuses the attention of all present upon a woman.

For example, I saw a man take a conductor by the arm the other day, hand him a dollar bill from which he was to deduct five cents for the fare of "the young lady with the green bird in her hat." The car was delayed certainly two minutes, during which every passenger stared at the poor girl with the green bird in her hat. Her blushes and embarrassment were painful.

White Flowers for the Bride.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
At an evening home wedding what kind of a bouquet does the bride use and who provides it? Also, at such a wedding is it necessary for the bridesmaid, who has an elbow-sleeved gown, to wear gloves?
WILLIDA.

If the bride's gown is white she should carry a bouquet of white flowers with maiden-hair ferns—roses, lilies of the valley, chrysanthemums, pink—any flowers the bride prefers. The bridesmaid sends the bride's bouquet to his dance, and usually provides the bridesmaid with flowers also.

Too Trivial for Argument.

Dear Mrs. Ayer:
A friend of mine went to Europe. Which is proper—for her to come to say good-by to me, or for me to go to say good-by to her?
B. M.

TRIVIAL friends do not stand on ceremony in such small matters. It would be equally proper for you to go and wish your friend a safe journey, or for her to come to you to say good-by.

Where one is going away to remain a long time it is customary to send P. O. cards, and if possible one makes an attempt to see near friends personally.

In your case, doubtless your friend was very busy, and it was far easier for you to pay visits than for her to do so.

Polite manners mean gentleness, consideration and unselfishness.

It seems to me you are drawing a very fine and absurd line in the matter of social conventions and on a most unimportant point.

HERMAN BERNES.

No. 49 East Seventy-fourth street.
Ideal Time for Vacation.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Why will people persist in taking vacations during the broiling summer? If one must be hot and uncomfortable anyway, why not while at work, instead of wasting one's whole holiday in discomfort? From Sept. 1 to Oct. 29 is the ideal time for vacation. Take your two weeks off at that time next year, friend, and let the bracing air refresh you from the summer's toil, and brace you for the winter. Also board in the country is cheaper, then.
EDWARD A. KERPEN.

Rules for Bronx Zoo.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here are some rules for the person who visits the Bronx Zoo on Sunday: 1. Carry all the lunch along that you possibly can, for you will become poor if you visit any restaurant up there. 2. Do not allow any one to look into your mouth while eating; turn your back upon all noses. You must not mind if any humbuck makes some remarks about you, remember they are jealous. 3. Take care not to eat too rapidly; you may cause other people's mouths to water, and dislocate your own jaws in the attempt. 4. Remember that your chief object in going there is to eat; do not pay the least attention to the trees, flowers and animals. Out of course not.
LOUIS A. KERPEN.

READY TO SLASH.

DROTBWICH barber was just finishing lathering a customer and was talking volubly, as usual.
"Yes, sir," he said, "there's no carelessness allowed by my employer. Every time you cut a customer's face we are fined expense, and if we make an ugly slash it costs us a shilling."
Then, sticking up and brandishing his razor, he added: "But I don't care a rap to lose a shilling. I've just won a sovereign."
—London Answers.

Landlady (to Mr. Tutts, who has just engaged board)—Will you be so good to sign board?

Mr. Tutts—No; I have some meat tickets which I must eat up first.

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DANGERS IN THE USE OF THE POCKET HANDKERCHIEF.

WE are making our pockets into nests of microbes. Our handkerchiefs are the nest-builders.

The handkerchief is a repugnant object, and the Japanese make fun of the European, who carefully preserves in their pockets the excretions of their noses, mouths, throats and bronchial tubes.

The same handkerchief does service in wiping dust from the face, in removing perspiration or tears from it, and in rubbing off spots of dirt from one's clothes after moistening it with saliva.

Then we seize it by one corner to wave it in token of joy, adieu or admiration.

We do not limit ourselves to these eccentricities. We put our soiled handkerchief into our pocket, not always the same, perhaps, with other articles; the ladies, who usually have but a single pocket in a dress, thrust it among the collection of small objects which seem a necessity to them.

Later, when it is thought necessary, the soiled handkerchief is replaced by another, a clean one, which is slid into the pocket that has been previously occupied by all the soiled handkerchiefs. It is still regarded as clean when it is taken out from the pocket and is offered to the first friend who may be in need of it.

This is done by the most careful people, by those who are the most ready disgusted, by the most intelligent men, and the most fashionable. Have you thought what a bacteriologist would say to it? This handkerchief, which was supposed to be clean, will soil your hands when you use it. Your pockets are its receptacle, where, in a warm, dark and moist environment, there accumulate the germs collected by your handkerchief. Ah! it is not wonderful that the origin of diseases is sometimes difficult to trace.

Two forms of remedy present themselves—a small bag easily carried and closed or a similar pocket, impermeable and susceptible of being disinfected without inconvenience. India rubber is the most practical material. The pocket

could be fastened by buttons or some other device and removed for disinfection.

Clean handkerchiefs of small size could be kept in the pocket, not less clean, separate and used only for the purpose. The handkerchiefs should be contained in a protective case if desired and should be sufficient in number for a day's needs.

Our fathers' handkerchiefs were huge, many-colored cloths that dried for weeks in their vast pockets before being washed. So the Japanese are ahead of them and us. They carry little paper handkerchiefs, which are made at home and used but once. Still, after used, they are thrown out and thus become agents of propagation for hosts of diseases. So we can turn the laugh on the dainty Japanese.

M. VALLIN.

The Funny Side of Life.

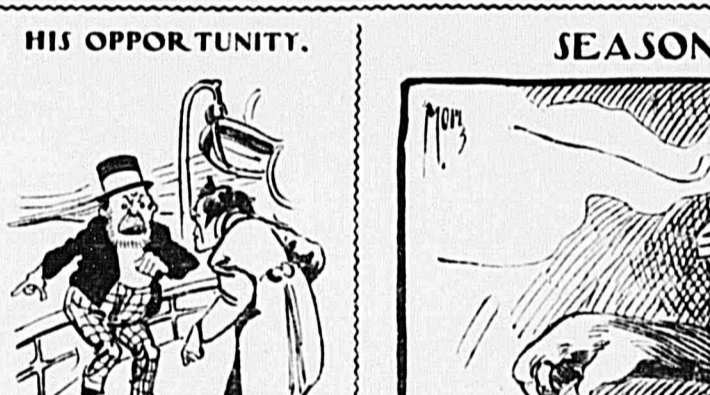
GETTING A FRIEND TO HELP HIM OUT.



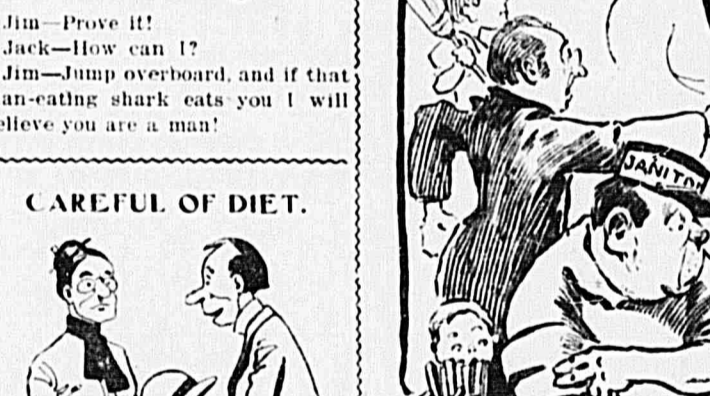
1. Black—Checks, old man, I have asked you here to do me a great favor. Will you don this bear skin and scare Miss Rocks, so I may rush out and rescue her?



2. Checks—Sure! Gr-r-r-rrr!



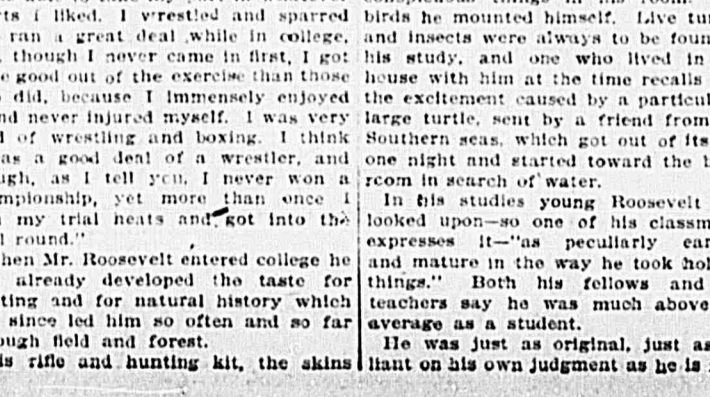
3. "Miss Rocks, I love you! I am Checks—Checks, your devoted admirer! I adopted this disguise to guard you from that low character by the tree there."



4. "Thanks, dearest. And now if that loafer dares to address you I will merely pulverize him. Let us wander on!"



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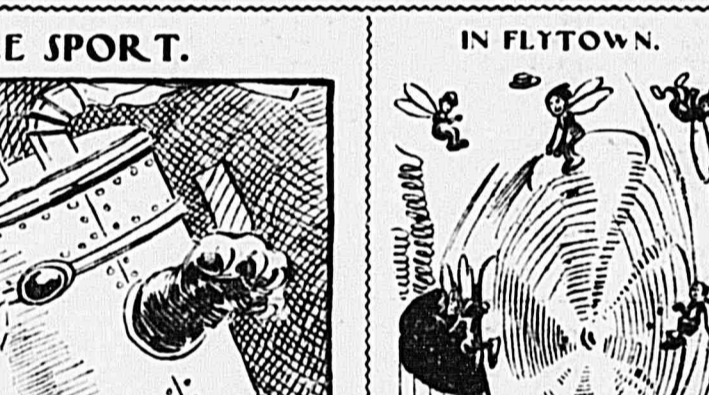
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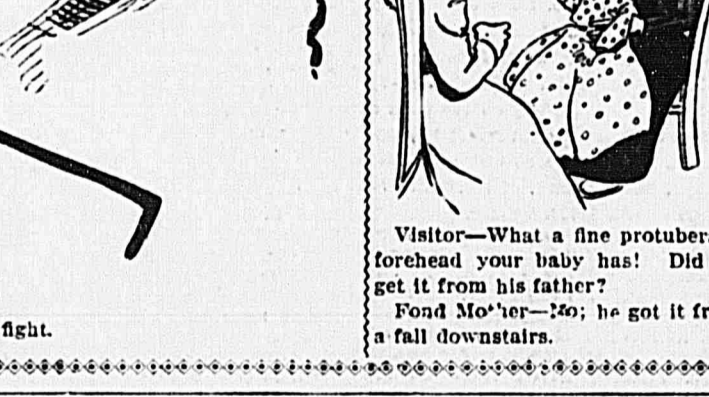
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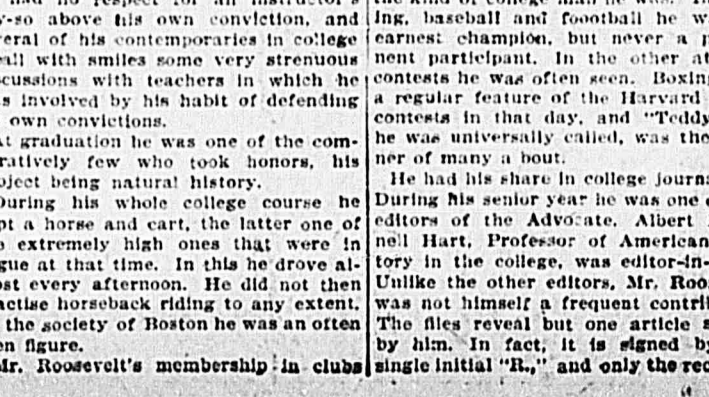
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To Day's Love Story A Legal Affair.

BY GUY A. JAMIESON.

(Copyright, 1901, by Daily Story Publishing Co.)

THE little sign creaked monotonously as it swung back and forth in the wind. The sign in question informed the public, or would have, had there been a public, that John D. Marberry was an attorney and real estate agent, and that he had a choice lot of residence, business, farm and ranch property for sale or rent on easy terms.

The truth is, the town of Archer was for sale or rent on easy terms; and the few families who had not already left for a less droughty country remained from necessity more than choice.

John D. Marberry was thinking seriously of selling and moving back East. He had made a bad venture, he had been disappointed, he was heartily tired of the dry monotony of things. The West held but one attraction for him—and but for said attraction this story would not have been written.

Miss Ola Mann and that meant that he had fallen under the spell of her charming personality. Miss Ola was the daughter of a rich old rancher who numbered his acres and cattle by the thousands.

But, now, his mind was made up. He jerked his chair to the desk and began to prepare an inventory of his office books. As a lawyer, he was completed, he walked across the street to a rival office. Taylor, the owner, had invested pretty heavily in real estate and would likely remain, as there was no prospect of his disposing of it for some years. He could sell his plunder to him; if not, why he would take it with him.

Taylor was looking over the last issue of the Archer Star, a copy he had taken fresh from the press, strictly against the rules of the office, only ten minutes before.

"Well, I guess, the worst has happened," he began, looking up from the paper and motioning Marberry to a chair.

"What is it?" asked Marberry.

"Mann has made an assignment."

"Can't be true."

"That's what the paper says."

John D. Marberry walked across the street with a heavy heart. His step was buggy rolled up to his door. He looked up, surprised at the interruption. Miss Ola greeted him cordially. He hastened out to assist her from the buggy. If her father's financial embarrassment weighed heavily on her mind she was successful, indeed, in con-

cealing it. She was the same fresh, sensible, charming Miss Ola.

"I have something to say to you, Miss Ola," he began, stepping nearer; "something I would have said before this had it not been for certain circumstances and which, but for certain other circumstances, I would not say now."

Miss Ola sat down.

"I desire you to know, Miss Ola," he continued hesitatingly, "that—I love you."

Miss Ola's eyes were on the floor, roses came and went on her cheeks. Then she looked up sweetly and said:

"I'm sure, Mr. Marberry, I'm not displeased."

Not a single client dropped in to interrupt the conversation that followed. But then, if there had been clients in Archer it would not have happened just as it did.

A few months later there was a quiet wedding out at Mann's ranch. Too, of the Star, was best man. Taylor congratulated his rival heartily. Marberry was happy.

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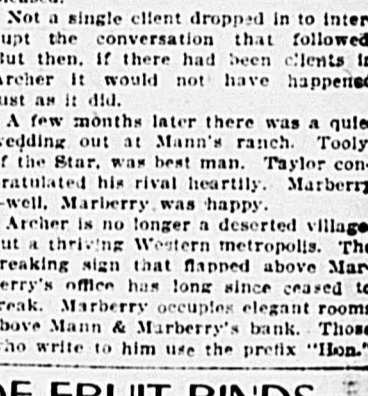
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